

The Historie.

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten pollicy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly,
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tel thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sir, ha, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shal heare in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland:
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King*

Hot. And if the diuel come and rore for them
I wil not send them: I will after straight
And tel him so, for I will ease my hart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunk with choler, stay, & pause a while,
Here comes your vnckle. *Enter Wor.*

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy if I do not ioine with him:
Yea on his part, ile empty all these vaines,
And shed my deere bloud, drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trode Mortimer
As high in the aire as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bullingbrooke.

Nor. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad,
Wor. Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone?

Hot. He wil forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

of Henrie the fo

And on my face he turn'd an eie of d
Trembling euen at the name of Mor

Worsh. I cannot blame him, was no
By Richard that dead is, the next of b

North. He was, I heard the proclan
And then it was, when the vnhappy k
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon)
Vpon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted, did retu
To be depos'd, and shortly murder

Worsh. And for whose death, we in
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you did king
Proclaime my brother Edmund Mor
Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe did heare i

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his
That wisht him on the barren moun

But shal it be that you that set the cro
Vpon the head of this forgetful man,

And for his sake weare the detested b
Of murtheous subornation? shal it be

That you a world of curses vndergo
Being the agents, or base second mea

The cordes, the ladder, or the hangm
O pardon me that I descend so low,

To shew the line and the predicamen
Wherein you range vnder this subtil

Shall it for shame be spoken in these c
Or fil vp Chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and powe
Did gage them both in an vniust beh

(As both of you God pardon it, haue
To put down Richard, that sweet lou

And plant this thorne, this canker Bul
And shal it in more shame be further

That you are foold, di'carded, and sh
By him, for whom these shames ye v